At that, would make me glad?
King. Yea Mistris, are you so peremptorie?
I am glad o'nt with all my heart,
Ile tame you; Ile bring you in subiection. *Aside.*
Will you not, hauing my consent.
Bestow your loue and your affections,
Vpon a stranger? who for ought I know,
May be (nor can I thinke the contrary) *Aside.*
As great in blood as I my selfe:
Therefore heare you Mistresse, either frame
Your will to mine: and you sir, heare you;
Either be rul'd by me, or Ile make you,
Man and wife: nay, come your hands,
And lips must seale it too: and being ioyn'd,
Ile thus your hopes destroy and for further griefe:
God giue you ioy; what are you both pleased?
Thai. Yes, if you loue me sir?
Per. Euen as my life my blood that fosters it.
King. What are you both agreed?
Amb. Yes if't please your Maiestie.
King. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed,
And then with what haste you can get you to bed. *Exeunt*

¶ *Enter Gower.*

Now ysleepe slaked hath the rout,
No din but snores about the house,
Made lowder by the ore-fed beast,
Of this most pompous marriage Feast:
The Catte with eyne of burning cole,
Now couches from the Mouses hole;
And Cricket sing at the Ouens mouth,
Are the blyther for their drouth:
Hymen hath brought the Bride to bed,
Where by the losse of mayden-head,
A Babe is moulded: by attent,

And

And time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly eath,
What's dumbe in shew, I'le plaine with speach.

¶ *Enter* Pericles *and* Simonides *at one doore, with attendants, a messenger meetes them, kneeles and giues* Pericles *a letter,* Pericles *shewes it* Symonides, *the Lordes kneele to him: then enter* Thaysa *with childe, with* Lichorida, *a nurse, the King shewes her the letter, she reioyces: she and* Pericles *take leaue of her father, and depart.*

By many a dearne and painefull pearch
Of *Pericles*, the carefull search,
By the foure opposing Crignes,
Which the world to gither ioynes,
Is made with all due diligence,
That horse and saile, and hie expence,
Can steed the quest at last from *Tyre*,
Fame answering the most strange enquire,
To'th Court of King *Symonides*,
Are Letters brought, the tenour these:
Antiochus and his daughter deare,
The men of *Tyrus*, on the head
Of *Helicanus* would set on
The crowne of *Tyre*, but he will none:
The mutanie, he there hastes t'oppresse,
Sayes to'em, if King *Pericles*
Come not home in twice sixe moones,
He obedient to their doomes,
Will take the Crowne: the summe of this
Brought hither to *Pentapolis*,
Irony shed the regions round,
And euery one with claps can sound,
Our heyre apparant is a King:
Who dreampt? who thought of such a thing?
Briefe, he must hence depart to *Tyre*,
His Queene with child, makes her desire,

Which